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Bishop J. C. F. Cammerhoff's

Narrative

OF A

Journey to Shamokin, Penna.

In the Winter of 1748

BY

JOHN W. JORDAN

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BISHOP J. C. F. CAMMERHOFF'S NARRATIVE
OF A JOURNEY TO SHAMOKIN, PENNA.,
IN THE WINTER OF 1748.

John Christopher Frederick Cammerhoff was born July 28, 1721, near Magdeburg, Germany, where his father was a Justice of the Peace. After being instructed by private tutors, he entered the "Cloister Bergen," originally a Benedictine monastery, and in 1738, the University at Jena, where he became acquainted with the son of Count Zinzendorf. In 1745 he completed his studies at the Moravian Theological Seminary, at Marienborn, and two years later became the private secretary of Count Zinzendorf, and was subsequently admitted to holy orders. In July of 1746 he was married to the Baroness Anne von Pahlen, and in September was consecrated to the Episcopacy in London, and sent to Pennsylvania as coadjutor to Bishop A. G. Spangenberg.

Bishop Cammerhoff was a man of natural gifts, learning, and eloquence, as well as piety, zeal, and energy. He devoted himself with almost reckless energy to the duties connected with the Indian mission of his Church, making journeys of extreme peril in all kinds of weather, although never inured to hardships, and of a physique far from robust. His career of activity was brief, for he succumbed to the strain, and died at Bethlehem, April 28, 1751. His widow returned to Germany after his death. He left no issue.

Shamokin was situated a short distance below the junction of the north and west branches of the Susquehanna, and was, in consequence of its position, the most important Indian town in the Province. The Six Nations held it as a strategic point, and made it the seat of a viceroy, who ruled for them the tributary tribes that dwelt along the waters of the "Windy River." At the date of this narrative it contained upwards of fifty cabins and three hundred inhabitants,

2 *Bishop Cammerhoff's Journey to Shamokin, Pa., 1748.*

one-half Delawares, the others Senecas and Tudelars, who Brainerd describes, "the most drunken and ruffian-like fellows of any in these parts."

In September of 1742 Zinzendorf, with Conrad Weiser as guide and interpreter; Bishop Peter Boehler, Anna Nitschmann, Rev. John Martin Mack, Henry Leinbach, and Joshua and David, Indian converts, visited Shamokin. The acquaintance which the Moravians made with Viceroy Shikellmy ripened into a friendship which ceased only with his death. At his solicitation, in 1747 a mission house and a smithy were erected by the missionaries Joseph Powell and John Hagen, and Anton Schmidt was made the smith; and Rev. John Martin Mack and his wife began to organize a mission.

"The mission house," states Bishop Loskiel, "was frequently injured by the violent storms prevailing in that district. Sometimes their plantations were destroyed by hail, earthquakes shook the house, and filled them with apprehension; but their principal danger arose from the drunkenness of the Indians. They were also often alarmed by parties of warriors of different tribes, then at war with the Catawbass, passing to and fro with captives."

The missionaries Zeisberger, Post, Pyrlaeus, Bruce, Rauch, and others served the mission until its abandonment in the autumn of 1755, in consequence of the Indian War.

*Bishop Cammerhoff's Narrative.*¹

January 6.—Accompanied by Bro. Joseph Powell,² I set out for Shamokin in the afternoon. We proceeded this day as far as Macungy.³

¹ Translated from a letter written by Cammerhoff to Zinzendorf, dated Bethlehem, March 13, 1748.

² Joseph Powell, born in 1710, near White Church, Shropshire, England. Immigrated to Pennsylvania in June of 1742, and served in various congregations in Pennsylvania, New York and Maryland. Died in Sichem, New York, in September of 1774.

³ A Moravian settlement, since 1761 called Emmaus, in Lehigh County.

January 7.—Set out for Tulpehocken [Berks Co.]. The snow lay deep on the ground and being covered with a hard crust, the horses which carried our supplies, could travel but slowly; and as all traces of a road were frequently obliterated, evening had set in, when we struck the Ontalaunee.¹ We passed the night at the house of Moses Starr, a Quaker, with whom our itinerant missionaries often lodge.²

January 8.—Early in the morning arrived at the Schuylkill. We found the river frozen in the middle, and open along its banks. Knowing that we were making a venture, and yet there being no alternative, we leaped upon the ice, halter in hand, our horses following. When half-way across, Brockden's bay, whom I was leading broke through the ice, but by a well directed spring regained its footing.³ Powell, and the gray, had a similar mishap near the farther bank, but my companion more unfortunate than I had been, got into the water waist deep. After a ride in intensely cold weather, with no other adventures we entered Heidelberg [Berks Co.]. Here we met Bro. Neubert⁴ who was on his way to Bethlehem from Swatara. He informed us that one of his members had set out for Shamokin with supplies for the Mission, three weeks ago, but finding the mountain road obstructed by snow, had returned. In the evening we reached Michael Schaeffer's in Tulpehocken.⁵

¹ Maiden Creek, which empties into the Schuylkill, about seven miles above Reading.

² A number of Quaker families settled in Maiden Creek Township, as early as 1738.

³ It is evident that Zinzendorf knew the horse so particularly described. It may have been his favorite riding horse while was a resident of Philadelphia, or it may have carried him in his travels into the Indian country. Charles Brocken, Master of the Rolls of the Province, was a member of the Moravian congregation in Philadelphia.

⁴ Rev. Daniel Neubert, from Koenigswalde, Saxony, who immigrated to Pennsylvania in 1742, and was pastor of a number of rural congregations. Died in Bethlehem, January, 1785.

⁵ Michael Schaeffer, a Palatine from Schoharie, New York, settled in Tulpehocken in 1725.

January 9.—Resumed our journey, and at 9 o'clock arrived at George Loesch's;¹ both parents and children gave us a cordial welcome, and showed us much kindness. They also urged us to take a supply of provisions for the missionaries at Shamokin, but as we were desirous of husbanding the strength of our horses, we accepted only of some meat, butter and dried fruit. We now held a consultation on the choice of a route for the remainder of the journey, and after weighing the advantages and disadvantages offered at this season of the year respecting the mountain road² and the Indian path along the Susquehanna, leading from Harris's Ferry, decided to follow the latter. The decision, it is true, imposed upon us additional miles of travel, but we reflected that we would have the river for a guide, and that at the settlements we could bait our horses. Taking leave of our kind friends at noon, we rode on through the snow. Dismounted at Peter Kucher's in Quittopchille,³ and after loading our horses with oats for their feed at Shamokin, rode on five miles to Henry Zanders, where we passed the night.⁴

January 10.—Set out for Harris's Ferry. This proved a long day's journey through a wild and dreary region of country. We struck the Great Swatara at noon, and after a short halt crossed it in safety on the ice, although the stream was open along its banks. We were now seven

¹ George Loesch, born near Worms, 1699, immigrated with other Palatines in 1710, and settled in Schoharie, New York. In 1723, removed to Tulpehocken, and united with the Moravians in 1747. Died in Nazareth, August, 1790.

² The mountain road was via Great Swatara Gap, Second, Third, Peter's, Berry's and Mahantango mountains in Dauphin Co., and over Line and Mahanoy mountains in Northumberland Co.

³ John Peter Kucher, imported on the Loyal Judith, in September of 1732, settled on what is now the Harrisburg turnpike, a short distance from the borough of Lebanon. In 1750 he donated the land upon which was erected the "Hebron" Moravian Church. He died in July of 1788.

⁴ He was a member of the "Hebron" Church, and his house was the usual stopping place of the Moravian missionaries.

miles from the Ferry, but loosing the way, we strayed through the woods until sundown, and it was seven o'clock before we reached our place of destination. We found a large company of traders at Harris's; one of whom had just returned from an attempt to reach the Allegheny country, in which he had been baffled by the increasing depth of the snow, after he had penetrated the wilderness to the distance of one hundred miles west of the Susquehanna. On making enquiry about the course of the path that leads to Shamokin, we were told to follow a trail left in the snow by a party of Indians, who had a few days ago come down to the mill above the Ferry.

January 11.—Kept along the river, and after having ridden some distance through the Narrows at the base of the first Blue Mountain, at 9 A. M., came to Chambers' Mill,¹ at the mouth of Fishing Creek, seven miles above the Ferry. The people of the house were very courteous; mentioned that Anton Schmidt² had lodged with them several times, and evidenced sincere regard for the Moravians. The miller's mother stated that, she had attended worship in our church in Philadelphia, and that as for herself she sympathized with us in our religious views, having experienced what we taught, namely,—that love towards Christ the Saviour was the sinner's only source of true happiness in this life. Although our entertainers sought to dissuade us from venturing any farther, assuring us that in the event of a long-continued storm, the journey would be im-

¹ James, Robert, Joseph and Benjamin Chambers immigrated from County Antrim, Ireland, between 1726 and 1730. Soon after their arrival in the Province, they started for its frontiers, and appropriated a tract of land at the mouth of Fishing Creek [now in Dauphin Co.], where they built a mill. James settled subsequently in Cumberland Co.; Robert, near Shippensburg; and Benjamin and Joseph on the site of Chambersburg. Later Joseph returned to the Fishing Creek improvement, and was residing there at the date of this narrative.

² Anton Schmidt, a native of Hungary, came to Bethlehem in 1746. The following year he was appointed the blacksmith at Shamokin. The Indians gave him the name of *Rachustoni*.

practicable, we set out at noon. After a few miles ride we struck the base of Second Mountain, at a point where it butts down to the river's edge,¹ which point is in a line with the northern limit of the Proprietaries' land, as fixed in the last purchase.² We were now in the Indian country. The rain continued to beat down, and as we toiled through the snow in the Narrows, we occasionally lost the Indian trail, where it led into the Susquehanna, which had overflowed its banks. Nevertheless we kept up heart, and felt as though we were being carried along on invisible hands. After having crossed several streams,³ the path left the river (which here suddenly bends to the West, and then returns upon itself several miles higher up, after describing an arc of a circle) and struck up Peter's Mountain,⁴ which I am inclined to believe is a continuation of the Thürnstein.⁵ The ridge was high and precipitous, and the ascent tried our loaded horses' strength. Just as we reached the summit, the rain poured down in torrents, and in a few minutes we were wet to the skin. Below us the thick clouds were drifting along, the snow lay on the ground to the depth of three feet, and there was no longer any vestige of a trail. Not venturing to make a random descent, we lost some time in searching for tracks, and on discovering what had the appearance of a path, led our horses cautiously

¹ In Middle Paxton Township.

² By treaty of October 1736, the Five Nations deeded to the Penns, "all the lands lying on the east side of the Susquehanna as far as the heads or springs running into the same—and all the lands lying west of the said river to the setting of the Sun—and to extend from the mouth of the Susquehanna northward, up the same, to the hills or mountains called in the language of the Five Nations the *Tyannustasacta*, and by the Delawares, *Keekachtanin*, i. e., Endless Hills." One of the signers of this deed was Caxhayton, an Iroquois Sachem, who was entertained by Zinzendorf at the Moravian House, Philadelphia, in 1742.

³ Fishing and Stony Creeks, in Paxton, and Clerk's Creek in Middle Rush Township.

⁴ Opposite the site of Duncannon.

⁵ Named in honor of Zinzendorf, who was also Baron Thürnstein, by Conrad Weiser in September of 1742.

down, after crossing several lesser spurs of the mountain, entered the valley in safety. We next forded Powell's Creek,¹ and a mile above the point where we again struck the Susquehanna, came to the house of a trader, Armstrong by name.² We were now eighteen miles from Harris's Ferry. Here we resolved to end the day's journey and pass the night, as the rain had not abated, and we were completely exhausted. The trader bid us welcome and showed us much kindness during our stay. He was well acquainted with Schmidt. In the evening a violent storm blew up from the South, with rain that poured down in torrents, and about midnight there was an appalling crash, and a booming report like the discharge of heavy ordnance, which told us that the ice in the river had suddenly broken up. Amid the fury of the elements, our thoughts reverted to Bethlehem, where our Brethren we knew were at this moment keeping the vigils of New Year, according to the old style. Daylight revealed a wonderful change without; for the deep snow that had filled the valleys had vanished as if by magic, and the water-courses were running with ice.

January 12.—The words of Scripture given us on this day for meditation, "Jacob went on his way, and angels met him,"³ reassured us, as we thought of the obstacles that we would in all probability have to encounter in the next stage of our journey. The trader pressed us hard to stay with him, urging that we could not possibly continue

¹ A short distance from where Matamoras, in Halifax Township, now stands.

² James and Alexander Armstrong, Ulster-Scots, were commissioned captain and lieutenant in May of 1748, for the defence of the Province. Near the mouth of Armstrong's Creek there was a blockhouse built by Col. William Clapham in June of 1756, and named by Gov. Morris Halifax.

³ The custom of issuing a collection of daily texts consisting of a selection of verses from the Bible for each day, with appropriate collects, has prevailed in the Moravian Church since the year 1731. They are published in the English, German, French, Dutch, Swedish, Danish, Bohemian, Eskimo, and Negro-English for Surinam, S. A.

on our journey, because of the swollen streams and other perils, to which we would expose ourselves. Having crossed the creek near his house,¹ and after having passed the plantations of several squatters, we suddenly saw the river before us. In a narrow part of its channel,² the ice was dammed up to the height of ten or twelve feet, and the Narrows, through which the path along the river wound, was overflowed and choked with cakes of ice. It was in vain that we endeavored to effect a passage or keep to the trail. Foiled in this, we were compelled to climb the spurs of the mountain which here abut against the river, until we again struck a wide expanse of lowland. It was a laborious task; but we kept brave hearts, and our poor horses did their part nobly. After toiling on in this way for seven miles we reached the Wisconisco,³ which ran very far above its banks, with an impetuous current, and was full of floating ice. We were told that any attempt to ford it, would be at the peril of our lives. But Powell rode in, and as I followed, I encouraged him by the words of the text. It was a special Providence that we reached the farther bank in safety. A short distance beyond we came to a house where we halted. Our host was acquainted with our brethren at Shamokin, and had assisted them in transporting their supplies. He informed us, that on the west bank of the river opposite to his house, began the great path to the Allegheny country, estimated to be three or four hundred miles distant.

The country was populous with Indians, and a trader with a train of twenty or thirty pack-horses, could in a very short time dispose of his wares. He also stated that many of the Indians living along the river were removing thither, among the number Andrew Montour.⁴ Continuing on our

¹ Armstrong's Creek, in Halifax Township.

² Probably Berry's Falls.

³ In Upper Paxton Township.

⁴ The oldest son of Madam Montour. Zinzendorf thus describes him: "Andrew's cast of countenance is decidedly European, and had

way, we overtook in the woods two Indian squaws, who lived fifty miles above Shamokin, returning from Chambers' Mill. At three in the afternoon we reached Benigna's Creek,¹ near its outlet, which we found was as wide as the Lehigh at Bethlehem. Turning our horses' heads up the creek we commenced the search for a ford which had been described to us, but were unsuccessful as the large rock which was to be our landmark, was covered with water. Darkness fast approaching, we resolved to build a fire, and encamp under some pines, but to our great joy, we descried on the other side of the creek, a house in the distance. Our shouts soon attracted the attention of the inmates, who upon learning of our situation, volunteered to first bring us over in a canoe, and afterwards to swim the horses over. At first we hesitated to trust ourselves in so frail a boat, in the creek filled with running ice; but commending ourselves to the care of the Lord, I crossed first, with all our effects, then Powell followed, swimming the horses. One of the latter, at one time, was carried by the current under the canoe, and almost upset it. Being now but three miles from Capt. Thomas McKee's,² we determined to press on, and took the path over the hills. Losing our way, after proceeding about two miles, we turned and attempted to force our way between the ice-barrier and rocks along the river, but were compelled to return to the house near the creek, where we passed the night; thankful that our Saviour had safely brought us one day's journey nearer to Shamokin.

not his face been encircled with a broad band of paint, applied with bear's fat, I would certainly have taken him for one. He wore a brown broadcloth coat, a scarlet damasken lappel waistcoat, breeches, over which his shirt hung, a black cordovan neckerchief, decked with silver bugles, shoes and stockings, and a hat. His ears were hung with pendants of brass, and other wires plaited together like the handles of a basket. He was very cordial, but on my addressing him in French, he to my surprise, replied in English."

¹ The Mahantango or Kind Creek. So named by Zinzendorf, after his daughter, in September of 1742.

² In Lower Mahanoy Township, Northumberland Co.

January 13.—During the night it froze, and the high water somewhat subsided. We have before us twenty long miles to Shamokin, also two bad creeks and the narrowest passes along the river to pass. At nine o'clock we reached Thomas McKee's,¹ the last white settlement on the river below Shamokin. McKee holds a captain's commission under the government, is an extensive Indian trader, bears a good name among them, and drives a brisk trade with the Allegheny Country. His wife, who was brought up among the Indians, speaks but little English. They received us with much kindness and hospitality. We took the opportunity to converse with him concerning the object of our visit to Shamokin, and of our missions among the Indians. He is recovering from a serious sickness, and is still feeble. During the past summer, he informed us, probably one-half of the settlers living along the river died from fever and a cough, and that even now many still lay sick. He also asked Powell to request me to baptize his child on my return. At parting, he cordially invited us and our brethren to always make his house their home, and that he was willing and ready to serve them as the circumstances required.

Proceeding on our journey we came to the long stretch of narrows by the river, and for a short distance worked our way between the rocks and ice, but were compelled to retrace our steps. Thereupon we crossed three steep hills, thence to the low lands, and again to the river. At three in the afternoon reached the Mahanoy Creek,² up which we

¹In 1743 McKee was an Indian trader and had his store "at an Indian town on the Susquehanna inhabited by Shawneese, whose dialect he spoke." In "Gov. Shirley's War" he was chosen a captain by the Association of Lancaster County, and commissioned by the Provincial Council May 25, 1748. In January of 1756, he was commanded to raise a company, and to complete and garrison the fort at Hunter's Mill. He was employed in various capacities in Indian affairs, and was one of the "Interpreters for the Crown."

²Zinzendorf on his way to Shamokin in September of 1742, named the Mahanoy, *Leinbach's Creek*, for Henry Leinbach, one of his fellow-travellers.

rode to a ford described to us by McKee. Powell, heading his horse up stream, crossed in safety, but mine got into a hole, and was carried down some distance, he, however, swam with me to land. Night overtook us while still five miles from Shamokin, but as it was moonlight we determined to push on. Reaching the precipitous Spangenberg,¹ we laboriously climbed to the summit, and when searching for a path to descend on the other side, too late realized that the warnings we had received from the settlers, of the dangers attending the crossing, were not exaggerated. In this search we were unsuccessful; so resolving to trust ourselves to the guidance of the Saviour, we began the perilous descent, leading our horses by their halters. The snow on this side, (north) knee-deep to the horses, was covered with a hard-crust, which by the rain had frozen into glib-ice, and at the base ran the impetuous Eva Creek² into which we would have been precipitated, had we slipped. Thanks be to God! for his angels watched over us, and we descended in safety. While searching for a ford, we found what we thought was a road leading into the creek, but struck a wrong one as we subsequently learned. Powell insisted upon making the perilous crossing first, with the gray horse, laden with three bushels of oats and other baggage. When but a short distance from the shore, the impetuous current soon swept both several hundred feet down the stream, and all that I could see was the heads of each, and the occasional rearing and plunging of the horse, which threatened to throw both backwards. Fortunately Powell succeeded in grasping the branch of a tree that was hanging over the water, and with his left hand controlled his horse. Lifting himself to the trunk, he walked along it to the shore leading his horse. My heart and eyes overflowed with tears of

¹ Named for Bishop Spangenberg. Zinzendorf crossed it in 1742, and describes it, "a precipitous hill, such as I scarce ever saw. Anna Nitschmann, who is the most courageous of our number, led in the descent."

² Shamokin Creek. So named in honor of the wife of Bishop Spangenberg by Zinzendorf in 1742.

joy when I saw him land, although so exhausted and chilled, he could scarcely utter a word. He begged of me not to follow him, but await his return from Shamokin with assistance. I then called to him to be of good heart, and prayed to the Lord to give him strength, as I was apprehensive he might from exhaustion, give out and be frozen to death. Meanwhile Mack¹ who had been expecting our arrival for a day or so, had a feeling that we could not be far distant, and although nine o'clock, left his house, and when half a mile from the town met Powell, now almost insensible from exhaustion and the cold. Together they hastened to the town, where my companion was provided with warm clothing and restoratives by his brethren. After Powell disappeared, I succeeded in finding a protected spot near the creek for a camp, unloaded my horse and tied him to a tree, and endeavored to make a fire, for I was cold and wet, and my clothes stiff with ice, since swimming the last creek. While thus engaged, my horse tore loose, swam the creek, and went in the direction of Shamokin. I was in a fearful frame of mind thinking he might be met by some of my brethren, who would be terrified lest some accident had befallen me. Fortunately he was not found until three o'clock, when my situation was fully known. After waiting one hour and a half, Mack and Anton Schmidt, who had been informed by Powell of my situation, appeared on the opposite bank, and commenced to construct a raft with which to bring me across. By two o'clock they finished building it, but owing to the wood being green, it would

¹ John Martin Mack, for many years a missionary among the Indians, was born 13th April, 1715, at Leysingen, in Wurttemberg. In 1740 he came to Pennsylvania, and was one of the founders of Bethlehem. In 1745, he and his wife were sent to Shamokin, "*the very seat of the Prince of darkness*," he states in his autobiography, "where we resided four months, and were in constant danger. There was scarcely a night but we were compelled to leave our hut, and hide in the woods, from fear of the drunken savages." In 1747 he again visited the town, where he remained until the arrival of Bishop Cammerhoff, as noted further on in this narrative. He died on Santa Cruz, W. I., January 9, 1784

only bear the weight of one person, so this attempt to succor me had to be abandoned. In the meantime I had succeeded in making a fire, when seeing me more comfortable my brethren returned to Shamokin for more assistance. By five o'clock my heart was gladdened to see Mack, Anton, and James Logan [a son of Shikellmy], dragging a sled after them upon which was a canoe, which Anton quickly launched and crossed over to me. Hastily collecting my things together, I recrossed with him, and finally, escorted by my rescuers, we entered Shamokin at daybreak on Sunday.

January 14.—Shikellmy,¹ when informed of my arrival, came to see me, gave me his hand and welcomed me with smiles, and also expressed regret at my fatiguing journey. When he was told that I was T'girlhitontic's [the Indian name of Bishop Spangenberg] younger brother, he greeted me as such without scruple. After leaving me, all his sons and their children called, and later sundry Delawares and Tudelars. During the day I visited Hagen's² grave, which is in the corner of a field near the Susquehanna. I ascertained that our brethren are on intimate terms with Shikellmy and his family; that the Indians begin to understand and appreciate our motives in coming to live among them, and say that we are different from other white people; and contrary to their reluctance and prejudice to teach whites their language, cheerfully instruct us. Bro. Mack and his wife³ are especially held in high esteem, as they speak their

¹ For a biographical sketch of Shikellmy and his sons, see *Memorials of the Moravian Church*, Vol. I. pp. 83-84.

² John Hagen, from Brandenburg, was sent in 1740 to the mission among the Cherokees in Georgia. In 1742 he returned to Bethlehem, and served in the mission among the Mohicans of New York, and the Delawares and Susquehanna tribes. He died at Shamokin, September 16, 1747.

³ On September 14, 1742, Mack married Jeanette Rau, whose knowledge of the Mohawk dialect she had acquired in the home of her childhood, and of the Delaware, rendered her an efficient assistant in the mission. She died in December of 1749.

language and are always ready to assist in cases of sickness. Our smith is kept constantly employed, many Indians coming from a great distance.

Recently an Indian from Wyoming came to our house, when he was invited to enter and warm himself by the fire. After a long silence he turned to Sr. Mack and said: "I have been in Shamokin nearly two days and have visited in all the houses, yet no one has offered me anything to eat. Will not the white squaw give me something to eat, for I am suffering?" Thereupon she gave him some bread and meat, for which he expressed hearty thanks and departed.

Last August turnips were planted in our lot, and the yield was large. A quantity was distributed among our friends, and Shikellmy, who is always delighted with a present of some, and in return treats us to venison.

Logan's wife, who is a Mohican and a relative of Abraham's,¹ was much impressed with the visit of Mack and Nathaniel last autumn. While away on the annual hunt last November, her little daughter died, being as she informed us, bewitched by a Delaware sorcerer. She immediately returned home with the body, and asked for nails and wood to make a coffin, which we gave her. To Sr. Mack she related that the child, shortly before it died, said to her, "Mother, I will soon die; greet the white people, and tell them that I never stole turnips; they must not suspect me of such a theft, for when I wanted any, I asked for them." When the mother asked whether her daughter would go to our God, Sr. Mack replied in the affirmative, and spoke of the love of God to children. Our brethren attended the funeral. The mother showed them the corpse in the coffin with its presents, viz.: a blanket, several pairs of moccasins, buckskin for new ones, needle and thread, a kettle, two hatchets, and flint, steel and tinder; so that on its arrival in the new country, it could go at once to housekeeping. Besides, it was beautifully painted, and had a supply of bear's

¹ "Mohican Abraham," or "Captain Abraham," was one of the first Moravian converts. He died at Wyoming in December, 1762.

meat, Indian corn and a calabash. The family thought it cruel in us not to have supplied Bro. Hagen with all these things when he was buried, but we explained to them, that as soon as we come to the Saviour, He would supply us with all we needed. The mother sat by the grave, and wept and sang "Wake up, my child, arise and eat; for five days ye have tasted no food—this my child was killed by the sorcerer!" In these lamentations she was joined by another squaw. After the funeral she presented Sr. Mack with a *quart tin*, saying: "This belonged to my daughter—accept it in remembrance of her." It is an Indian custom, that when one dies, not all the effects are buried, but some are reserved for distribution among friends.

During the afternoon, with Bro. Mack, we visited Shikellmy and his family. Last autumn many of his family died, viz.: his wife, his oldest son's wife and five children, three of Logan's children, and his son-in-law and some of his children.

January 15.—This morning I sent for Shikellmy, and requested him to assemble his council in our house, as I had something to communicate to them. We decided upon the afternoon for the interview, after which he sat awhile with us and smoked by the hearth. The cap I was wearing seemed to "strike his fancy," and he asked whether we made such things in Bethlehem. "Yes," I replied, "and if you visit Bethlehem in the spring, I will present you with one." I then invited him to dinner, which he accepted, deeming it a great honor. After dinner we sat around the fire, and for nearly an hour he instructed me in the Maqua tongue. Later he left to summon his councilors, and we conferred with Bro. Powell, who is now to take charge of the Shamokin Economy. The Council met, viz.: Shikellmy and his two sons, with Logan's wife as interpreter. His oldest son is sick, and the other Iroquois councilors are absent on the hunt. Bro. Mack translated my words into Mohican to Logan's wife, she then into Shawanese to her husband, and he into Oneida for his father. Shikellmy

arose and said: "Do not take it amiss, my brother, that I speak first. You said that you wished to tell me and my brethren some words; but first I must tell you something. My brother, do not take it amiss, that the smith at Shamokin up to this time, has not had more meat to eat. I have been sick, and so have my sons and their children, and many of them have died. We have been mourning and unable to go on the hunt, but when we recover, we will go on the hunt, and the smith and his wife shall have plenty to eat."

Cammerhoff.—"Shikellmy my brother! T'girhitontie, your and my brother has heard of your sickness, and he sympathizes with you. We rejoice to see that you are convalescent, and T'girhitontie wishes you to keep up a good heart. (These remarks appeared to please them all very much.) Shikellmy my brother! my brother the smith, and his brethren in Shamokin, are not dissatisfied, they have had as much meat as was necessary. T'girhitontie and his brethren are also not dissatisfied, but rejoice of your kindness towards them."

Shikellmy.—"So far the smith has only taken deer skins compensation for his work. Cannot he also take raccoon, fox, wild-cat and otter skins, at the market price? Some of us are old and can no more follow the deer. T'girhitontie and his brethren could as well take other skins and sell them, and in this way the smith will be paid for all his work."

Cammerhoff.—"Shikellmy my brother! T'girhitontie and his brethren are no traders, nor do they traffic in furs. This is not their business, and hence the smith cannot take all kinds of skins. The deer-skins, T'girhitontie uses to make breeches, caps, gloves, &c., for his brethren. But as we love you, the smith may *sometimes* take otter, raccoon, and fox skins, when they are good. We have also instructed the smith not to deliver any work until it is paid for, else he be cheated."

Shikellmy.—"My brother! I always have told the smith

not to trust every Indian, but as soon as he mended a gun or put it in order, to keep it until it is paid for. Why did he trust? I knew he would be deceived!" [He aimed this cut at the Delawares, whom the Iroquois despised.—*Cammerhoff*.]

Cammerhoff.—"Shikellmy my brother! The smith loves the Indians, and hence he trusted them. When Indians come to him from out of the woods with their broken guns, he dislikes to send them back to get skins, for they would lose several days of the hunt, hence also he trusted them. But he finds that he is being cheated, and is unwilling to trust any more."

Shikellmy.—"Cannot the smith also take bear and elk skins for his work?"

Cammerhoff.—"He can take as many bear skins as are brought, for he and his brethren need them to sleep on. But it is best that he be paid in deer skins, for T'girhitontie and his people are no traders."

Shikellmy.—"Now, my brethren, I have said all I had to say, and I thank you for your answers. Now you can speak."

Cammerhoff.—"T'girhitontie and all his brethren, send greetings to Bro. Shikellmy and his brethren! T'girhitontie said 'Shikellmy my brother, I send to you this my younger brother, to greet you and to state my joy, that you are again well, for I love you tenderly. Johanan [Zinzendorf] my brother, who lives over the *great water* and whom you know, for you accompanied him to Wyoming—has sent his younger brother over the *great water*, to greet you and your brethren and tell them that he loves you.' I have sent the smith here, to aid and work for you; and I rejoice that you all love him. Continue to do so. I need my Bro. Mack and his wife at Bethlehem, but I have sent Bro. Powell to live with the smith and to help him. I love him and do you also love him.

"Shikellmy, my brother! You said that you would give the smith and his brethren more land to plant corn, pump-

kins and turnips. Do as you said, so they may begin to split rails and fence it in before planting time.

"Shikellmy my brother! It would delight us to have you visit Bethlehem. If you are accompanied by your son James and his Mohican wife, and your other sons, they will be heartily welcomed.

"I have said all that I had to say, and thank you for your attention. You have leave to reply if you have anything to say."

Shikellmy.—"Greet Bro. T'girhitontie and his brethren, and tell them, that as soon as the weather becomes warmer, so that I can sleep in the woods, I will come to Bethlehem."

At the close of the interview, I distributed the following presents, viz.: to Shikellmy, a pair of fine red blankets; to his three sons, each a knife; and to the Mohican woman, a gay colored handkerchief. We then accompanied Shikellmy, who pointed out to us the land he proposed to give to the smith. I stated that Bro. Powell would make the rails, and when finished, they should direct him where to run the fence.

After our return to the house we held a Conference and resolved:

First, That the smith decline to trust.

Second, That we entertain no Indians, as it makes Shikellmy distrustful. There are special houses provided for visiting Indians in the town, and for us to lodge them would be a mark of great confidence.

Third, The smith must decline to trust a trader.

Fourth, No Indian must be trusted on a trader's account, lest the Indians think we will trust a trader sooner than them.

Fifth, Our brethren must not interfere with, or pass judgment in case of any dispute between Indians and traders, nor interfere with their bargains.

Sixth, We must impress upon the Indians that we are not traders.

Seventh, That we must not lead them into temptation by allowing many things to be about the shop.

Eighth, Traders shall not be entertained—send them all to Shikellmy. The only exception is Capt. McKee.

Ninth, Always be punctiliously and scrupulously truthful to the Indians,—never say that we have nothing, when we have.

Tenth, Owing to our circumstances, we cannot be as hospitable to the Indians here as at Bethlehem; but always be self-denying “to the last crust,” to the needy, suffering and sick.

Eleventh, Our brethren are to visit the Indians frequently in their huts, and no partiality must be shown to Iroquois, Delawares or Tudelars.

Twelfth, Strive to secure the good-will of Shikellmy and his family, and invite them frequently to dinner.

Thirteenth, No more land is to be accepted of the Indians than is absolutely necessary for our wants, and is to be farmed in the Indian manner. Only corn, beans, potatoes and turnips are to be raised.

At the conclusion of our Conference, we celebrated the Holy Communion, all six of us being present.

January 16.—After taking leave of Shikellmy and our brethren, at seven o'clock I set out on my return journey, accompanied by Bro. Mack and his wife. Crossed the Spangenberg in safety, and struck the trail which leads over the three high ridges between the Spangenberg and the Thürnstein.

Towards evening we crossed Benigna's Creek, and thence to the Double Eagle,¹ and encamped at a spring two miles beyond. As it rained hard until midnight, we had but little sleep.

January 17.—By three o'clock (A.M.) the weather cleared, and the moon shining brightly, we continued on our way. At dawn of day, as we were passing through Anna's Valley,² a sudden storm of thunder and lightening overtook

¹ The “Spread Eagle” is noted on Scull's map of 1759.

² Probably Lyken's Valley. Named for Anna Nitschmann, who accompanied Zinzendorf to Shamokin in 1742.

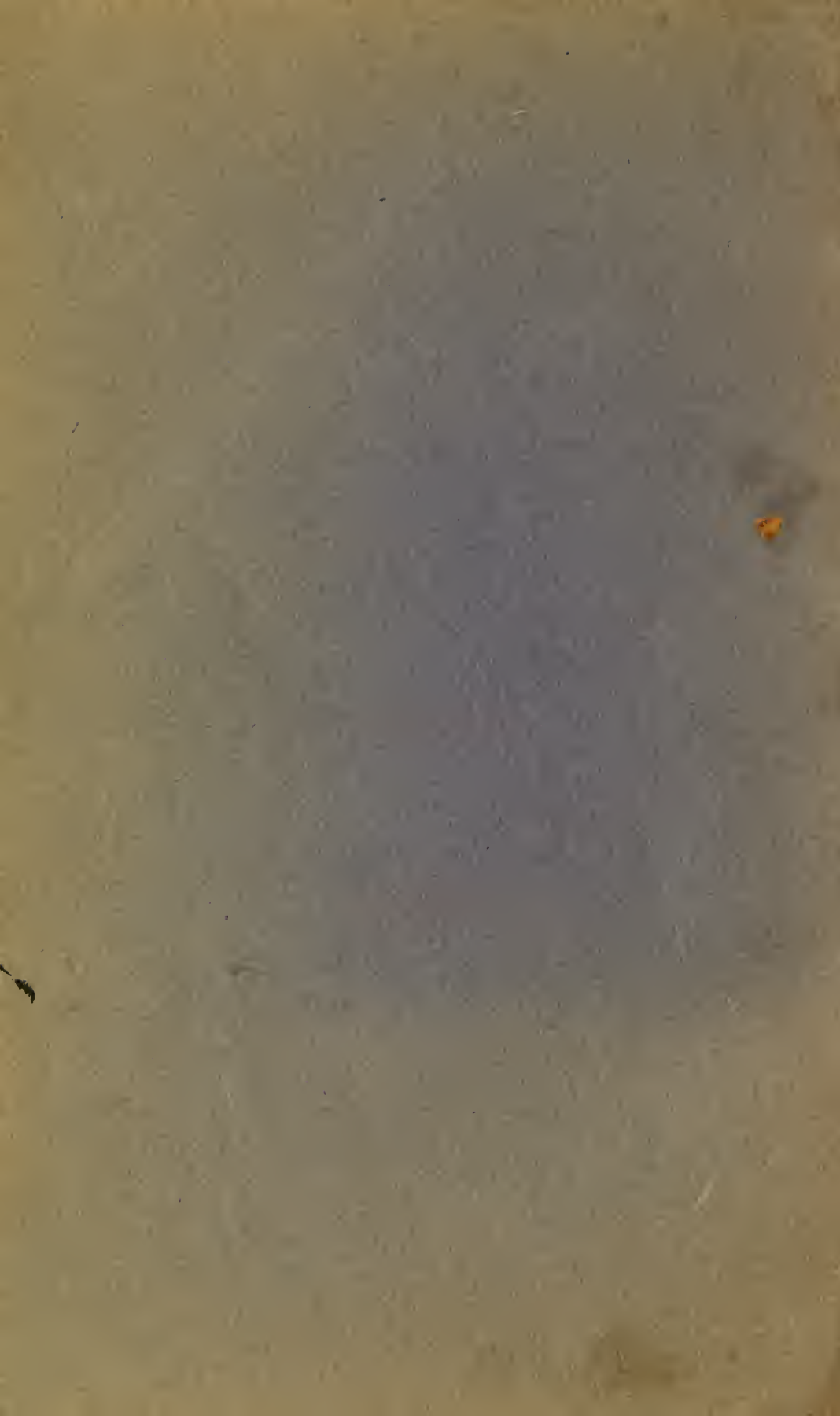
20 *Bishop Cammerhoff's Journey to Shamokin, Pa., 1748.*

us, and for one hour it rained in torrents. This was succeeded by so dense a fog, that we could scarcely see a few feet in front of our horses. At noon we reached the Thürnstein, where we found deep snow. The ascent was perilous as well as fatiguing, owing to the glib-ice. By two o'clock we had crossed the Mountain, and struck the Swatara thence through Anton's Wilderness,¹ to the Kittatinny Hills by sun down. Being but twelve miles from Loesh's we determined to push on, and by ten o'clock arrived at this house, where, although unexpected, we were given a hearty welcome.

January 19.—To-day we safely reached Bethlehem, by the way of Heidelberg and Mexatawny.²

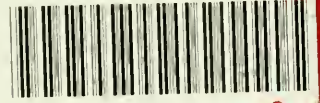
¹ Noted on Lewis Evans' map of 1749.

² The name of a township in Berks County.





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